

# THE CONCORDIENSIS.

VOL. III.

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No. 8.

## THE CONCORDIENSIS.

PUBLISHED ON THE 15th OF EACH MONTH DURING THE  
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
UNION UNIVERSITY.

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## LITERARY.

### RAIN.

At nooning reddening, swooning, deadening  
Lies the grass beneath the sun;  
Sultry hours wilt the flowers,  
Streams, exhausted, feebly run;  
Listless birds have ceased their twittering;  
Winds give not the grateful gust:  
The land with fire is glittering, frittering,  
Turning, burning into dust.  
  
Hark! faintly breathing, while quaintly wreathing  
From the distant, hazy west,  
Softly muttering, brokenly stuttering,  
Rises up the thunder crest;  
Anxious Nature, silent, gazes  
With a heart that prays her God  
To quench the fire that blazes—dazes,  
Scorches, torches flow'r and sod.  
  
O'er sleeping meadows, soon, creeping shadows  
Steal away the painful glare;  
Grim cloud-legions from midnight regions  
Rise to view in western air—  
Muster dark with fronts defying—  
Pause upon the landscape's marge,  
Till sudden thunders flying, crying,  
Loudly, proudly sound the charge.  
  
Then gleaming and brightening, streaming with light-  
ning,  
Sweeps the storm along the sky,  
And upward aspiring its dread cannon firing  
Whelms the hosts of Light on high;  
Twilight falls o'er field and bower,  
Silence settles widely down,  
While shapes unearthly glower, lower,  
Grimly, dimly, frown on frown.  
  
With glances that shivering, fire-lances flash quivering  
Break the vivid lightnings forth,  
And swift at their dying, o'er heaven flying,  
Banded thunders jar the earth;  
Glare the skies like worlds consuming,  
Crash they like vast planets torn;

Wild shocks through red illuming, booming,  
 Warring, jarring, far are borne.  
 Still higher reaching, with fire breaching  
 All the sky, the lightnings tend;  
 And now they've riven the rock of heaven!  
 Precious waters freed descend.  
 Rolls the deep exultant thunder,  
 Shouts the earth a wild refrain,  
 Its hosts their silence sunder, under  
 Rushing, gushing floods of rain.  
 Now cheerfully singing yet prayerfully bringing  
 Grateful thoughts, life lifts its form,  
 While slowly receding, its dark host leading,  
 Eastward moves the thunder-storm;  
 Cooling winds to life are sighing—  
 Laugh they in the proud sun's face;  
 And earth that long was lying, dying,  
 Younger, stronger, holds its race.

ZOR, '83.

### ABOUT HOBBIES OF ALL SORTS.

Men are marvelously given to "Hobbies," from the meanest to the most exalted. There is no one so poor but that he may ride his hobby, though every other means of conveyance may be closed to him, and thus a hobby may become a safety valve to many an uneasy spirit who without this would explode and prematurely shuffle off this mortal coil.

When the famous Emperor Charles V. became a recluse in disgust with the world and all its vanities, he made a hobby of the passion of gathering a collection of ancient and unique watches, and he was wont to say that there are only four things worth living for in this world: Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old books to read, and old friends with whom to chat. Now Charles was a generous horseman in this respect; few men can ride more than one hobby, and most come to the ground between two. It takes a one-sided man to ride a hobby well, and he must be unflinchingly devoted to his steed.

Regard, for instance, the genuine bibliophile, or bibliomaniac as we may choose to designate him. He has a blind side for everything but old and rare books. He knows no

heat no cold, no hunger and no thirst that may not be appeased by the discovery of some old or rare book for which he is in search; he has no better friends than quaint old volumes clothed in Russia or hog-skin, that to him yield rich perfume and cause him to forget all his troubles. The dealer in old books is to him the physician that cures all ills, whether his stock be large and arranged in well protected shelves with analytical catalogue, or on the contrary, perchance, finds shelter in some street corner or protected nook where he and his visitors are shielded from the sun and wind. With the growth of civilization and humanity among us the old-book dealer is appearing in our large cities, and becoming an indispensable accompaniment to the precincts of learned institutions.

Abroad, the "*Antiquarian*," as the dealer is often called, is generally a rare old book-worm himself, and is never at a loss to guide the novices, young or old, that may long to join his guild and ride his hobby. And while he points you to his shelves with the gusto of an epicure he will also teach how to cultivate the noble passion by exhibiting the most fragrant of his wares. And a visit to a genuine antiquarian will soon disclose the difference between the bibliophile of fine instinct and him who collects for the sake of mere numbers or appearance. There are people who collect old books as others gather old porcelain or old coins, simply to have a vast collection of coins, but these are not genuine book-lovers. This latter class seeks rare copies for intelligent purposes. The learned seeker desires the edition of some famous publisher on account of the purity of the text; and he wishes several editions that he may compare. In the city library of Trieste there are said to be several hundred different editions of Petrarch's poems. The British Museum paid about four hundred dollars for the first letter in Italian verse

proclaiming the discovery of America by Columbus, and a thousand dollars for one of the first editions of Shakespeare, and so on is this story of learned zeal which is already too long.

In short, the full story of "Hobbies" would be the longest tale yet told; think, for example, of the folly that has been committed in the rage for certain flowers. The tulip mania of Holland once set all the ancestors of the Knickerbockers mad. The tulip was brought to Holland from Turkey, and after a slow growth became more than the fashion; they were a veritable rage. Old books stood no chance beside them when a single bulb of a *Semper Augustus* brought well nigh five thousand dollars. But the bubble burst, and now the rarest flowers will bring at most from ten to fifty dollars. This mania once controlled the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam. In the middle of the last century the fever again broke out in regard to other rare flowers, such as anemones, auriculas, pinks, hyacinths, etc., and even yet a tour through Holland in the season is made doubly attractive to the eye by the taste cultivated while riding these "Hobbies."

To-day the culture of the rose is the mania of some parts of Europe; as we once entered the Imperial rose-garden of Vienna, the chief gardener addressed us with the pride of a monarch in announcing the existence of ten thousand species of his hobby within his domain. We regret to say that much of this sweetness was lost on the desert air, for we had not learned the art of riding his hobby and could not appreciate the delicate points of his gay and fragrant steeds.

For the last few years the English and Germans have taken to very rough and ungainly coursers. They are cultivating the cactus in all its ungraceful forms, which was first introduced to them by Alexander von Humboldt on his return from his famous

travels in South America. At first sight one can scarcely conceive how men could form an attachment to such "*awkward monsters*," as one of the German poets has called them; but these quaint children of the South finally repay all attention by the beautiful flowers that they in the end present to their amateurs. No less than four hundred different species of these eccentric and varied productions are said to be growing in Europe, of the most manifold form and size. Some are round and others angular, some low, some high, some covered with a delicate hair and known as the "gray cactus," and some bear fig-shaped fruit of brilliant red, while one species is called the melon-cactus or the "vegetable fountain of the desert," because its liquor assuages the thirst and often saves the lives of men and beasts in the desert. One of the poets of Germany has made the cactus the burden of all his songs, and from his hobby he is known as the "cactus poet."

From inanimate let us turn to animate hobbies, on which quite as much love and money are often expended. While once making the acquaintance of a ship's company, for the voyage across the rolling deep, we were introduced to quite a group of hobbies in the shape of some rare dogs of the mastiff species which had been in the new world to exhibit their points. Several of them bore values running from five hundred to a thousand dollars, while one yellow Irish setter was labelled \$3,500. We need scarcely say that more attention was paid to these beasts on the voyage than to the passengers that daily saw all sort of toilet attentions lavished on them.

But these preposterous prices are altogether outdone by those who consider the cow the noblest of hobbies. Think, for instance, of paying from thirty to forty thousand dollars for the "Third Duchess of Geneva," or the second "Countess of Devonshire." A recent article in the English journals bewails

the loss of the latter specimen of bovine royalty on whom her owner had thrown away a fortune to gratify his love for the cow hobby.

And thus ramble where we may through the world, it is nothing but hobby, hobby, hobby. "Come," said a friend to us once in a large European city, "let us go and see some rare sights to-day." And the rarest of all were "Hobbies." One man had spent a long life and a rare fortune in gathering an immense collection of snuff-boxes. Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe their substance, shape, nor setting. Another believed that his salvation depended on the preservation of all the varied specimens of pipes in use in a land where from King to peasant all men smoke; and the collection was a marvelous display of cunning and artistic skill. And he was rivaling an antagonist who was bending all his genius to a collection of canes that bid fair to form a museum of itself. "And now instead of telling "All About Hobbies," as we have promised, we are ashamed to say that we have scarcely entered the portals of an edifice in which most men find an appropriate work.

#### ARBUTUS.

Lovely Arbutus, fair beauties of May,  
Bursting with sunshine and happy as day,  
Filling with blessing old April's last hours,  
Strewing his grave with the choicest of flowers;

Heralding Spring as you peep from the snow,  
Smiling the sweetest where no one can know,  
Breathing your fragrance so freely to all,  
Hiding your face in the mantle of Fall;

Happy if others are happy in you,  
Born to be loved, and yet seen by the few;  
First the sweet balm to the cold earth to bring,  
Blooming alone where the brown thrushes sing.

Why come you not on a lovelier day,  
When the warm Summer is wedded to May?  
Why bloom you not in the homes of the great,  
Adding new charms to the royal estate?

Is it to teach us that happy are they  
Who can be happy though cloudy the day?

Teach us the mourner to comfort and cheer,  
When the cold world is a wilderness drear?

Is it to teach us that sweetness is sweet,  
Found on the by-path as well as the street?  
Teach us that loveliness enters the gate,  
Dwelling with lowly as well as the great?

Is it to teach us these jewels of earth—  
Loveliness, sweetness and genuine worth—  
Veiled from the multitude gazing around,  
Must, like a sea-pearl, be sought to be found?

Noble your mission, though oft be your lot  
Cast where the seeking one findeth you not;  
Yours be the crown for your waiting and worth,  
They are the losers who know not your birth.

MATHESES, '81.

#### FROM A CLUSTER OF SIX SONNETS.

To ELLA :

Hail Spring! delightful harbinger of love,

Your morning sky beams blue beyond the hills,

Your southern gales go whispering thro' the grove,

And from the frost-freed, waking, murmur'ing rills  
A jubilant accord begins. The hymn

That rises from creation's teeming sod,

'Tis life; observe beside this streamlet's rim

How sweet the lowest plant looks up to God.

Here modest hope in secret seems to sing,

Nor may we paraphrase its voiceless psalm;

And know, O maid, this bud's unbosoming

Tells thee: "Fair girl be sinless as I am,

And let my virtue, tho' of simple kind,

Live in thy heart and blossom in thy mind."

E., '83.

#### EDITORIAL.

ONE of the most interesting studies of the term have been the recitations and lectures in Architecture under Professor Staley. Each lecture was accompanied by stereopticon views of famous works of art ancient and modern. The classical student not only enjoys them as works of art, but they also recall to his mind incidents of which he has read in his study of Latin and Greek. Here great Cæsar fell; here Cicero moved the multitudes or struck terror to the hearts of the conspirators; along this road St. Paul



was led to execution; within this circle the gladiator fought in mortal combat for liberty, to gratify the proud Romans, devoid of every spark of human sympathy; or the christian martyrs were delivered over to the mercy of wild beasts. Greece has her own places just as interesting, if not more so.

The views are as real as life, and the Professor is a most entertaining talker. He has been all around these ruins on foot, and is therefore fully competent to explain every point. The not infrequent lack of seats in the recitation room goes to show how well the Professor's work is appreciated.

Most of the students have doubtlessly heard that the editors propose to publish a commencement number of the CONCORDIENSIS, but fearing lest some may *not* have heard and wishing it to be thoroughly understood by those who have heard it, we here repeat it.

Provided we have the support of students and alumni, we shall publish a number containing the Poem, Prophecy, Oration and Address of the graduating class; we shall in addition take notes on all commencement exercises. This number will probably be larger than the ordinary number and will be gotten up in the best manner possible. We have promised that we shall publish this number if we are *supported*; it therefore lies in the hands of our readers to either have a good number or none at all. A *poor* number we won't publish.

All with whom we have spoken concerning this number, are greatly in favor of it and willing to lend it their support. We therefore anticipate no failure and will consequently defer our valedictory until next month.

WE BELIEVE that every college in the State League will support us in saying that the operations of the Union nine have been

straightforward and manly. Opening the contest with Hamilton at Utica, they met the valiant ball-tossers of the West on their own soil in five successive games, and under the most disadvantageous circumstances of travelling and fatigue. But they found no fault and knew no fear. They played the same nine throughout—to a man. They did not accept this state of affairs because it was altogether lovely and desirable, but because they felt that a sense of honor among the colleges would require all games to be played on schedule time, or forfeited. They did nobly and deserve the hearty applause of the whole college.

We sincerely regret that Cornell or any other college should be unable to play all games according to schedule. But this should not work to their advantage and to the disadvantage of their competitors. It is their misfortune. We are playing for the championship, and no college can honorably and justly change the time of any game at will. We believe Cornell will act honorably in this matter and not protest games which they have justly forfeited. We recognize Cornell as worthy rivals on the diamond. The wearers of the Carnelian distinguished themselves by their courteous treatment of our nine at Ithaca. We can readily overlook the little piece of bulldozing perpetrated by them last Friday in forcing upon us the Syracuse University catcher. We rest assured that every Cornell man feels worse over that than we do.

A LONG anticipated pleasure was realized. when, a few days ago, we spent three hours in the library of the late Dr. Tayler Lewis. That one man should have accomplished so much in a life-time, is almost incredible, for the space which his manuscripts occupy on shelves, estimated in square feet, would be no inappreciable sum. Among these manuscripts, many very valuable papers have

been found which are from time to time being published. "Religion and the State" published in the *Princeton Review*; an article on Euripides in *Harpers* and notes on the bible in the *Presbyterian Review* are some of his posthumous works; very many of these papers are still unpublished and among these, a book much on the same plan, we understand, as his "Divine-Human in the Scriptures" and "Six Days of Creation," is soon to appear. There were very many things to interest us which cannot be here described, but two metrical versions will prove his great learning to those who knew him not, namely: A rendering, of the Lord's Prayer, and of certain beautiful passages in Shakespeare, into Greek verse.

The inscription on his tombstone was chosen on account of the thought conveyed in the lines immediately preceding, in the Metrical Version. They are as follows:

"O, that my words were written now;  
O, that they were upon the record graved,  
With pen of iron, and of lead;  
Upon the rock cut deep—a witness evermore."

Mrs. Peissner kindly showed us his choicest works and writings, and upon leaving presented us each with his autograph in the shape of an article which had been written for some of the papers. We thank Mrs. Peissner for the great pains which she took to interest us in those things which were her father's choicest treasures.

THE editors ask the indulgence of their readers for the delay of this number. It is rather unfortunate that we are limited to one issue per month, because matters which would be of interest if immediately published become stale on account of the long time which intervenes between their occurrence and their publication. The financial condition of the paper is slowly improving and we hope that future editors may at some time or other be enabled to publish two is-

ues per month—the issues might in such a case be somewhat reduced.

The great interest this year taken in the Inter-Collegiate B. B. games necessitated their publication and if we had gotten the paper out by the middle of the month, as we usually do, we could have taken no notice of them whatever.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

[A reasonable space will be devoted to this department, contributions to which are solicited. The Editors are not responsible for any sentiment herein expressed. All contributions must be accompanied by the name of the author, which, however, is not necessarily published.]

ALBANY, N. Y., April 29, 1880.

*Editors Concoriensis:*

As an item for your paper you can now state that the bronze bust of Prof. Elias Peissner, which the class of 1863 intend to place in Memorial Hall, has arrived from Florence, Italy. We think the artist, Launt Thompson, Esq., has been very successful and has given us a work of art as well as a likeness. The class hope to have the "unveiling" occur during Commencement Week.

Yours Truly,

THOMAS H. FEAREY,

Secretary Class of 1863.

P. S.—We wanted it to be a memorial of the patriotism of Union College as well as of the character of Prof. Peissner.

### LOCAL.

—E. C. Hoyt is preaching at Ocean Beach, N. J.

—Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are to print the Senior invitations this year.

—The mother's friend—the student's dread: A pail of hot water.

—The Senior's consolation:—"Come what may, Schenectady will always be the same."

—The College grove is delightful and seems to grow more beautiful each year.

Seniors, drink in its joys while you may, your time is almost over.

—Quite an honor—To lead the Senior class and, as captain, to lead the B. B. nine to victory.

—1881 is always the same. Forwards, backwards, down-side-up, or either end to, it's always 1881.

—Mr. L. W. Hull, formerly of Union, has been elected one of the editors of the *Cornell Era* for the ensuing year.

—Professor Staley won ten cents on the game with Hamilton. One of the Faculty, at least, is willing to back up the boys.

—“Belles that rise soon and walk apace,  
Steal roses from Aurora's face;  
But when they yawn in bed till ten,  
Aurora steals them back again.”—*Scissors*.

—A freshman the other day remarked that he could find any passage in scripture for he had a CONCORDIENSIS in the back part of his bible.

—An eighty-two man, on being asked his age, replied: “Oh, I'm as old as Methusalem.” He also has hopes of some day becoming “a cherubim.”

—Doors have been put on all the cases in the first gallery of the library; so that students can now wander among the alcoves and pick out the books that they want.

—Thoughtful Senior:—

Must we part, the long united?  
Must our friendship have an end?  
Oh, the sorrow thus in parting,  
“Less than lover, more than friend.”

—After a fine lot of guns, revolvers and ammunition have been collected at North College, the Pea Cock has at last been confined in the cellar of the house of his mistress.

—A selfish wish (by a Dutchman):

I wish, from my heart, that the rocks round about  
Would to sausages turn, and the trees to saur-kraut,  
And the ocean's wide bowl would to lager bier roll,  
And I were an earthquake; I'd swallow the whole.”

—*Scissors*.

—What was once the theory of indestructibility is now a fact. A few days ago a Freshman gave a girl “a piece of his mind,” and had sense enough left to go in out of the rain.

—German conversation class. Prof. to Senior—“Mr. —, what is the word for beans?”

“I don't know sir.”

Prof.—“What! don't you know beans?”  
Prolonged come-down.

—Freshman to young lady-friend—“Do you know Miss C——?”

Young lady—“Oh, yes; her mother washes for us.”

Exit Freshman.

—Dr. Mosher, of the Medical Department, was a witness, as an expert, on the Billings trial. He was four days upon the stand, and excited admiration for his great coolness, and the clearness of his evidence.

—Officers of the Theological Society this term are: Valedictorian, J. D. Craig; Pres. (who also acts as respondent), W. M. White; Vice-Pres., J. J. Henning; Sec., S. M. Griswold; Treas., Wm. B. Landreth; Librarian, F. Van Dusen.

—Mr. Ed. Christophel would like to inform his patrons in the college, that he will remove his barber shop to the rooms over Baum's cigar store, on Monday, June 7th, and that he will be happy to welcome his friends to his new apartments.

—The following Seniors were recently elected into the Phi Beta Kappa Society: Robert C. Alexander, West Charlton, N. Y.; Robert T. S. Lowell, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.; Robert J. Landon, Schenectady, N. Y., and John Ickler, St. Paul, Minn.

—“Shall we go into the cemetery, Miss?”

“Cemeterial (*it's immaterial*) to me, sir.”

The student waxes pathetic—“I wonder will I ever *lie* here!”

“The antecedent probability is that you will, sir, unless you stop talking.”

—Scene on U. C. ball ground—President of U. C. riding back and forth on horse-back during the game between Cornell and Union

Cornell student to Union student—“Is that a mounted police riding about here on the grounds?”

—Officers of the Adelpic Society are as follows: President, W. R. Winans, (who also acts as respondent); Vice-Pres., J. P. Davis; Sec., T. D. Elder; Engrossing Clerk, D. H. Mc Falls; Treas., W. B. Landreth; Advocate, C. S. King; Curator, Irving Wiswall; Valedictorian, F. P. S. Crane.

—We received a short time ago a package of cigarettes from Messrs. Kimball & Co. The inveterate smokers of the college pronounced them “good.” They were marked “Burial of Calculus, U. of R.” They are gotten up in a few days notice, with name or initial, at the rate of \$8 and \$10 per thousand.

—Meek-looking Freshman, to bookseller—  
“Please Sir, do you make a reduction to  
clergymen's *progenitors*?”

Amazed book-seller—“I sometimes do,  
but you can't make me believe you're any-  
body's *progenitor*.”

Freshie goes home and looks up his *deriv-*  
*ations*.

—Ben. has become so thoroughly satura-  
ted with arsenic as to be a natural curiosity.  
We understand that he did not take Chemis-  
try for fear that the Professor should use  
him in his experiments before the class. He  
will not even permit the Professor to exam-  
ine the percentage of arsenic in his blood—  
and yet he claims to be a devotee to Science.

—Professor to Japanese student who is  
about to enter college—“Mr. Ko Ki Nutt,  
are you prepared in mathematics?”

Mr. Ko Ki Nutt—“No sir, we do not  
study mathematics in Japan; but when we  
have any mathematical work to do, we hire  
a mathematician, as you hire a carpenter,  
neither do we rank him any higher than a  
good carpenter.”

—The Presidents of the Junior, Sopho-  
more, and Freshman classes are hereby re-  
quested to call a meeting of their respective  
classes for the purpose of electing editors  
for the ensuing year. We hope that the  
men will act wisely with regard to this elec-  
tion, and will choose only such men, who-  
ever they are, who both have ability to write  
and are willing to work.

—Once upon a morning gloomy,  
While the joys of sleep ran through me,  
I lay wrapped in bed-clothes roomy,  
Dozing as I'd dozed before.  
Calmly I the day was losing,  
Sacrificed to glorious snoozing;  
Suddenly came some one bruising,  
Using ill my chamber door.  
“’Tis the mistress,” low I muttered,  
“Cruising round my chamber door,  
Ten o'clock and nothing more.”

—The following are the committees of the  
Senior class for commencement:

Music—F. P. S. Crane, W. E. Anderson,  
J. A. Kemp, D. F. Glover, E. S. Godfrey.

Card—F. T. Rogers, R. D. Anable, L. G.  
Tuttle, C. F. Bishop, John Ickler.

Floor—J. D. Craig, R. T. S. Lowell, G. E.  
Dixon, M. W. Vosburgh, E. D. Watkins, Da-  
vid Muhlfelder.

Reception—J. V. L. Pruyn, W. J. McNul-  
ty, A. H. Dougherty, R. J. Landon, J. M.  
Mc Master.

—Prof. of Chemistry (in the midst of an  
interesting lecture)—“Just think, gentlemen,

if the revolution of the earth were to cease  
for one instant, everything, earth and all,  
would be that minute burned up. The force  
of motion being changed to ———”

Cheeky Soph.—“Professor, may I ask a  
question?”

Prof. (impatient of delay)—“Certainly,  
provided you are quick with it.”

Soph.—“Aint you glad it don't stop?”

“Class excused.”

—Scene—Rochester B. B. grounds, just  
before the match game between Rochester  
and Union.

Pitcher on the R. nine—“I say, Teddy,  
be's ye goin' to play to-day?”

Catcher—“Why yis Patsy o' course I be.”

Union man to student—“Do pitcher and  
catcher belong to the University?”

Rochester man—“Why yes, they are  
members of the University.”

Exit Union man apparently wrapped in  
thought.

—On Thursday, May 20th, Mr. James E.  
Benedict bade good-bye to his many friends  
in order to spend a week or two at home be-  
fore meeting Prof. Webster and his party at  
the sea-shore. He is the first of the Senior  
class to leave, and his leave-taking is but one  
of many more soon to follow. When the  
first-born leaves his parental roof to mingle  
in the world, father, mother and brothers  
sadly shake their heads and say: “Our  
home-circle is being broken.” Thus it seems  
to us now as one of our many intimate friends  
is leaving; our dear old foster mother looks  
sadly down, from her gray old walls, on her  
departing son, while her children, shaking  
his hand, linger as they say, “Good-bye, I  
may not see you again.”

—In our last issue we had a reminiscence  
of the class of '80's Freshman days. Here is  
another from one of its solid men—a table of  
births originally intended, we suppose, for a  
scrap-book:

#### MARRIED (?)

JANUARY 23, 1865, ALBANY, N. Y.

DANIEL PATRICK ALPENSTOPHELBAUM, } No Cards.  
JANE ANN DUSENQUACKENBERRY. } No Cake.

#### BORN.

Jan. 30, 1866—Elizabeth Striker Alpenstophelbaum.  
Feb. 2, 1867—Jehosaphet “  
Dec. 25, 1868—Nebuchadnezzar Patrick “  
“ “ Joash Melchizidek “  
May 4, 1870—Joanna Maria “  
June 17, 1871—Johannes Porcher “  
“ “ Rahab Beer-sheba “  
“ “ Tascar John “  
Dec. 8, 1872—Ichabod Halpin “  
Sept. 21, 1873—Felix Jupiter “  
“ “ Deborah Venora “



Sept. 30, 1874—Grupshe Leonidas Alpenstophelbaum,  
 April 4, 1875—Jacob Peter Squab “  
 Dec. 13, 1876—Esther Passach “  
 April 20, 1878—Jehu Christopher “  
 “ “ Patrick Zachariah “  
 June 8, 1879—John Smith “

(To be continued.)

### A PRIZE OFFERED.

The following was crowded out of our last issue:

A communication from Secretary Ayres states that Messrs. Curtis & Smith, the leading photographers of Syracuse, have offered as a prize to the nine winning the College championship, a solid silver cup worth fifty dollars. In case of dispute as to which nine wins, they will award the cup according to their own judgment. This handsome offer should make many friends for Messrs. Curtis & Smith among the colleges of the state. It is also interesting as showing the interest which citizens are already taking in the coming contest.

### GIFTS.

Mrs. Thomas H. Powers, of Philadelphia, has recently given \$10,000 to the college, the income of which is to be used in accordance with the direction of the President. As was announced in a former issue, the Messrs. Packer have also given \$10,000. These gifts were followed by others from Mr. Geo. W. Childs, Mr. Anthony Drexel, Mr. Lemuel Coffin, Mr. Robert H. Sayre, and one of one thousand dollars from Mr. Thomas A. Scott.

Among gifts from this neighborhood Mr. John I. Perry, of Albany, and Mr. Joseph W. Fuller, of Troy, have each given one thousand dollars. Mr. Fuller has also subscribed to the Century club.

A special train has been placed at the disposal of the President, free of charge, for any number of guests of the college who may accompany the Chancellor, Hon John Welsh, from Philadelphia to Schenectady for the commencement.

At a recent meeting of the Faculty it was unanimously

*Resolved.* “That in view of the aid and courtesy extended to the college by citizens of Pennsylvania, and in connection with the Chancellorship of Hon. John Welsh, the attention of the citizens of Schenectady be called to the desirability of extending hospitality to the party of visitors who may accompany him to commencement.”

### TAYLER LEWIS.

A tombstone of polished Quincy granite has been erected over Dr. Tayler Lewis' grave in the College cemetery. The following is the inscription:

TAYLER LEWIS,

BORN

March 27, 1802,

DIED

May 11, 1877.

Professor of Greek in the New York University from 1838 to 1849, and of the Greek and Oriental Languages in Union College from 1848 to the time of his death.

I know that my Redeemer lives  
 And o'er my dust, Survivor, shall he stand.  
 My skin all gone, this remnant they may rend,  
 Yet from my flesh shall I Eloah see,—  
 Shall see Him mine—  
 Mine eyes shall see Him—stranger now no more.

Alumni visiting the College during Commencement Week, or at any time, will certainly not fail to visit the grave of their former instructor. There is a certain indescribable feeling which comes over one at the recollection of a thoroughly good and wise man—a public benefactor. It is the feeling which causes the strong man, wrinkled with care and hardships, to speak in a whisper; the young and tender-hearted to weep. It is not unmanly to possess it, for it is a reverence of the divine in man. The scholar and christian is no longer with us but his kind deeds live in many a heart, and their influence will live as long as time itself. Xenophon and Plato could not forget Socrates and surely the alumni of “Old Union” cannot forget Dr. Lewis, *their* Socrates. It does not follow that they have done their duty when they simply cherish kind remembrances of their old Professor. Dr. Lewis gave his life—his every talent to his Alma Mater. What has each alumnus done? It is not to be supposed that all can give “silver and gold,” and neither is that the most important thing to give. It will not cost the poor alumnus much to entertain a deep interest in the old college, but it will prompt him to keep himself informed as regards her scholarship; it will induce him to help maintain good and wise men in her Faculty and Board of Trustees, and, being informed of her condition, to speak a good word for her now and then. Interest will inspire every man to do his part.

We have yet a suggestion to make. The passage from Job on Dr. Lewis' tombstone is his own translation into verse. If the alumni would use their united influence to

get, not only this admirable translation of the Book of Job, but all of his works published together in a set of volumes, they would be doing a noble work.

### THE GARNET.

The Garnet has at last appeared. We think it in some respects superior to last year's Garnet. The cover contains a very pretty cut of "the grand old seat of stone" and another entitled "the brook that bounds through Union's grounds." Most of the cuts on the inside are illustrative of incidents which have occurred on the hill. Among these the ejection of the red-headed cop is prominent; that cop who so

"———lively one legged it that evening so still,  
When we gave him three minutes to vacate the hill."

We might perhaps venture some criticism on certain parts of the book, but from their "Salutatio" we see that the editors are rather delicate with regard to this matter, and therefore we forbear. We can, however, honestly say that the book has very many good points and is well deserving of the patronage of students and alumni.

### BOOK REVIEW.

—The Little Tin-Gods-on-Wheels, or Society in our Modern Athens. (A trilogy after the manner of the Greek.) Price per copy 50 cts. Charles W. Sever, publisher, Cambridge, Mass.

There is a certain class of men and women who pride themselves upon some imaginary good quality which they possess, and so, think themselves deserving of great consideration. They are not usually gifted with an extraordinary amount of good sense, or good manners; and they may or may not have wealth, friends and a long and distinguished line of ancestors. Two things, however, are requisite for membership to this select circle. 1. To display fine clothes—whether bought or borrowed, is immaterial; 2. To possess culture—a term employed by these people with a meaning both peculiar, and not to be found in the Dictionary. It is not intended to convey any idea of refinement, whatever, but simply means that within one which leads him to shun the laborer, who pays for what he gets; to associate with people of shallow brains, who care to talk of nothing but Fashion and the Weather—in short to associate with fools like himself.

This little book will please everybody who has any dislike for these very *cultured* people. All the characters in the first three plays, viz: "The Wallflowers," "The Little Tin-Gods-on-Wheels" and "The Chaperons," speak with honeyed words to each other's faces. Hypocrisy reigns supreme in their circles.

Oxygen, the last play, shows how an innocent young man was imposed upon, by a flirt, well practiced in the art. He in all good faith, makes love to her, but she prefers unrestrained flirtation to an engagement, for she says:

"It's twenty times as good as an engagement,  
Because we know that, if we ever happen  
To weary of each other, we have only  
To part, and cotton to another person,—  
You to some girl and I to some fellow."

The scene is laid at some fashionable watering place. They have been out rowing and on their return he again pleads with her to accept his proposals, but she only jests. They agree to ramble again the next morning; she consents, saying

"All right, I shall be ready,  
And we will spend the day again together,  
As usual to our mutual satisfaction.  
We'll climb, read poetry, drive, row, loaf and ramble  
From morn to dewy eve, and I will teach you  
The latest dodge in scientific flirting;  
Giving you points, and Heaven knows you need them!  
You'll be an adept by this time next summer,  
If you don't let such stuff as that you uttered  
To-night, destroy the fruits of my good teaching."

### BASE BALL.

The base ball season of Union College opened April 27 with the Troy Citys. Our men were unable to hit Welsh, but played a brilliant fielding game. Mountain pitched a fine game, allowing the heavy hitters of Troy only 7 base-hits. The score was as follows:

	Innings,								
UNION,.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1
TROY CITYS,.....	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	1	—5

A second game was played with the Troy Citys April 30th, which started out with fine fielding and blanks for both nines in the first two innings. But in the third inning the Troys batted heavily and Union fielded poorly. From this time a prettier game need not be witnessed. In the eighth inning the college boys succeeded in making 3 runs. In both games Fancher and Ford did the finest in-fielding ever seen on our nine, the former (who substituted Beattie at short-stop) playing with great precision and coolness, with only one error; the latter making brilliant fly and line catches and having no errors. Fairgrieve and Moore made phenomenal catches in the out-field. Score of 2nd game was:

	Innings,								
UNION,.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3
TROY CITYS,.....	0	0	9	1	0	0	1	0	—12

A fair, but one-sided and uninteresting game was played on the campus, May 5th, with the Donahues of Albany. Union pounded them all over the field, played rather carelessly, and defeated them easily by 21 to 6.

### UNION VS. HAMILTON.

The first championship game of the Inter-Collegiate series took place at Utica, May

10, with Hamilton College. The game opened unfavorably for Union, Hamilton making 4 runs in the first two innings, but from this time till the ninth inning, on account of Mountain's effective pitching and Union's close fielding, Hamilton failed to make a run. For five innings Hamilton failed to reach 1st base. Union out-batted and out-fielded Hamilton. Noticeable plays were a difficult fly catch by DeGarmo and a hot line catch by Rogers. The *Utica Herald* says: "The Union men played a strong steady game throughout." The score is as follows:

HAMILTON.	R	I B	P O	A	E
Bumpus, r.....	0	0	0	0	1
Moshier, 2d b.....	2	2	2	2	1
White, c.....	0	1	6	4	0
Roger, l.....	1	1	1	0	0
Kirtland, 3d b.....	1	1	3	2	2
Case, s. s.....	0	0	1	3	3
Otto, 1st b.....	0	1	10	0	1
Davis, p.....	1	1	0	5	2
DeGarmo, c. f.....	0	0	1	0	1

UNION	R	I B	P O	A	E
Moore, c. f.....	0	2	0	0	0
Mountain, p.....	1	3	1	9	1
Rogers, 1st b.....	1	1	16	0	0
Taylor, 3d b.....	0	2	0	2	0
Ahern, c.....	2	1	8	4	2
Fairgrieve, l.....	2	1	0	0	0
Ford, 2d b.....	2	2	1	2	1
Fancher, r.....	1	1	0	0	0
Beattie, s. s.....	1	1	1	4	1

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
HAMILTON.....	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—5
UNION.....	0	1	0	6	2	1	0	0	—10

Runs earned—Hamilton 2, Union 3. Two-base hits—Moshier, White, Davis, Mountain. Wild pitches—Mountain 3. Strikes called—Mountain 12, Davis 6. Passed balls—Ahern 2, White 2. Struck out—Hamilton 9, Union 2 (Rogers, Fancher). Time of game—2 hours, 10 minutes. Umpire—W. C. Miner, '82, Hamilton.

### UNION VS. MADISON UNIVERSITY.

The second championship game played against Madison, at Hamilton, May 11, was quite close and well played up to the eighth inning. Both nines had fielded sharply, the score at this point being 5 to 2 in Union's favor. In the 8th inning Union pounded Dow terribly, earning 5 out of 8 runs made. The error column proves that Union played a magnificent fielding game, although the grounds were bad—very bad. Moore's and Taylor's batting was fine, the former making 4 single base hits with a total of 7, the latter 2 singles with a total of 4. Mountain's pitching received excellent support from Ahern. The umpiring was well-intended, but poor. Score:

UNION.	R	I B	P O	A	E
Moore, c. f.....	2	4	0	0	0
Mountain, p.....	1	1	1	14	0
Rogers, 1st b.....	2	2	18	1	0
Taylor, 3d b.....	3	2	2	1	0
Ahern, c.....	1	1	5	6	1
Fairgrieve, l.....	1	1	0	0	0
Ford, 2d b.....	1	0	1	2	0
Fancher, r.....	0	0	0	0	1
Beattie, s. s.....	2	0	0	3	0

13 11 27 27 2

MADISON.	R	I B	P O	A	E
Barber, c.....	1	1	4	2	1
Hahn, 1st b.....	1	2	12	0	3
Drake, 2d b.....	0	0	3	4	0
Wood, s. s.....	0	0	0	5	3
Slater, l.....	0	0	3	0	1
Dow, p.....	0	1	0	4	0
Skinner, r.....	0	0	1	0	0
Pope, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	1
Cleveland, 3d b.....	2	1	1	2	1

4 5 24 17 10

Score by Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
UNION.....	1	0	1	0	0	2	1	8	0—13
MADISON.....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0—4

Earned runs—Union 5, Madison 1. Two-base hits—Moore 1, Taylor 2. Three-base hits—Moore 1. Struck out—Union 3, Madison 10. Bases on balls—Madison 3. Time of game—Two hours, 40 minutes. Umpire—M. Allen, '81.

### UNION VS. SYRACUSE.

When on Wednesday evening, May 12, the news came flying along the wires that a third victory had been won by Union against Syracuse the excitement was great, and such yells of "Rah! Rah! Rah! U-n-i-o-n! Hikah! Hikah! Hikah!" never before startled the denizens of "Old Dorp." The game was poorly played owing to the fact that the day was terribly windy and dusty and the grounds were wretched beyond description. Syracuse excelled at the bat while Union far out-fielded them. The last of the game was very exciting. In the 8th inning Syracuse had 9 runs and a man on 1st, and 3d, when Ahern by a feint at throwing to 1st, passed the ball like lightning to 3d, catching Osterhout, (the ubiquitous bi-collegian). Ahern and Rogers played finely. Beattie made a fine double play by himself. Fancher, Mountain and Rogers led at the bat. Umpiring excellent. Score:

UNION.	R	I B	P O	A	E
Moore, c. f.....	0	1	0	0	0
Mountain, p.....	2	1	2	8	1
Rogers, 1st b.....	2	2	10	1	0
Taylor 3d.....	1	0	4	1	3
Ahern, c.....	1	1	4	4	1
Fairgrieve, l f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Ford, 2d b.....	1	0	2	2	2
Fancher, r f.....	1	2	0	0	0
Beattie, s s.....	2	1	4	1	2

10 8 27 17 9

SYRACUSE.					
	R	IB	PO	A	E
Osterhout, c.....	1	2	13	4	1
Seager, p.....	1	1	2	9	2
Shove, 2d b.....	0	2	5	1	2
Young, 3d b.....	1	1	3	1	1
Ayres, s s.....	2	3	0	3	3
Wells, c f.....	1	1	0	0	1
Post, 1st b.....	1	1	4	0	4
Aldridge, r f.....	2	0	0	0	1
Shackelton, l f.....	0	1	0	0	2
	9	12	27	18	17

Score by Innings									
I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
UNION.....	3	1	1	1	2	1	1	0	0—10
SYRACUSE.....	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	3	0—9

Runs earned—Syracuse 3, Union 1. Two-base hits—Mountain 1, Osterhout 1, Ayres 1. First base on balls—Syracuse 4. Struck out—Union 10, Syracuse 3. Double plays—Beattie 1, Rogers 1. Time of game—Two hours, 45 minutes. Umpire—Charles Duane.

### UNION VS. CORNELL.

That the Union nine were defeated by so strong a nine as Cornell's is not to be wondered at, when we consider that they had already fought three hard battles and had been obliged to ride from 5 o'clock in the morning till nearly noon. Still, they played a fine game to the 6th inning—the score at the end of the 6th being 2 and 2. Some bad errors were made after this, allowing Cornell 7 more runs. The Union men were unable to hit Hunter with any effect. He pitched a very fine game, but we think Union would have hit him had they been less jaded and more accustomed to his methods. No pitcher, professional or amateur, has ever succeeded longer than a single game in keeping our men from hitting hard. We shall see. No runs were earned by either side. The umpiring was good. We take off our hats to Cornell for their generous treatment of the nine. Score:

UNION.					
	R	IB	PO	A	E
Moore, l f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Mountain, p.....	0	0	0	12	0
Rodgers, 1st b.....	0	0	17	0	2
Taylor, 3d b.....	0	0	2	1	0
Ahern, c.....	0	0	7	6	1
Fairgrieve, r f.....	1	1	0	0	0
Ford, 2d b.....	0	0	1	2	1
Fancher, c f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Beattie, s s.....	0	0	0	2	4
	2	1	27	23	8

CORNELL.					
	R	IB	PO	A	E
Woodard, 2d b.....	2	0	1	1	0
Kinney, c f.....	3	4	0	0	0
Sears, l f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Humphries, c.....	0	2	12	5	1
Chase, 1st b.....	1	1	12	0	2
Hodgman, 3d b.....	0	0	2	0	1
Hiscock, s s.....	0	1	0	3	0
Suydam, r f.....	1	0	0	0	0
Hunter, p.....	2	0	0	18	3
	9	8	27	27	7

Score by Innings									
I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
CORNELL.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	4	0	3—9
UNION.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0—2

Struck out—Union 11, Cornell 4. Double plays—Union 2. Beattie, Ford and Rodgers; Rodgers. Fly catches—Union 1, Cornell 1. Time of game—Two hours, forty minutes. Umpire—R. H. Treman.

### UNION VS. ROCHESTER.

Our observations concerning the Cornell game apply with double force to the game with Rochester, May 14. After sustaining several injuries in the preceding contests the same nine played a gallant game and—by all that was fair or decent, the victory was theirs. But the umpire was bent on Union's defeat. At no place did our nine receive treatment so shameful. It is a strange state of affairs that leads the students of a Baptist University to consort with loafers. Our 2nd baseman, a gentleman above reproach, declares that the same man who acted as umpire inquired of him in the morning who our betting men were, and said he was going to put up "sand" on the game. Rochester's total of base hits was only 3. Moore made a very fine fly catch and double play. Score:

UNION.					
	R	IB	PO	A	E
Moore, c f.....	1	0	1	1	0
Mountain, p.....	1	1	1	11	0
Rodgers, 1st b.....	0	0	14	0	1
Taylor, 3d b.....	1	2	3	0	2
Ahern, c.....	0	1	7	6	3
Fairgrieve, l f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Ford, 2d b.....	1	1	0	4	2
Fancher, r f.....	1	0	0	0	1
Beattie, s s.....	1	0	0	0	1
	6	5	27	22	10

ROCHESTER.					
	R	IB	PO	A	E
Kearnes, c.....	0	0	15	3	2
Chandler, s s.....	1	0	0	0	1
Lansing, 2d b.....	1	0	1	2	2
Hunt, 3d b.....	1	1	2	0	4
Wiedman, p.....	2	1	1	16	0
Holt, l f.....	1	0	0	2	0
Wiltsie, c f.....	2	0	1	0	0
Carr, 1st b.....	1	1	7	0	1
Davis, r f.....	0	0	0	0	0
	9	3	27	23	10

Score by Innings									
I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
UNION.....	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	3—6
ROCHESTER.....	1	0	0	0	1	1	2	0	4—9

The nine returned to Schenectady on Saturday and received such an ovation from the students as they truly deserved. Two-thirds of the college were out and the streets were resonant with the wild music of "Old Union's" shrill cry. After a pleasant ride about the city they took the rest they so much needed, for on Monday the Hamiltonians must be conquered on our own arena.



## UNION VS. HAMILTON.

On Monday, May 17, about 400 people assembled on our lovely grounds to witness our final contest with Hamilton. A third of the spectators were ladies. Hamilton was completely used up, being outplayed both in the field and at the bat. Union played a steady, beautiful game and impelled the sphere into all parts of the ground to the tune of 18 total bases. Hamilton spent most of the time hitting thin air. Moore, Mountain and Taylor batted heavily, while seven of the Union nine fielded without an error. The good catching of the genial Bumpus, a fine stop by Case, a magnificent throw from left by White and a three-base hit by Roger were noticeable plays on the part of Hamilton. We give the score:

UNION.									
	R	1 B	P O	A	E				
Moore, c f.....	4	1	0	0	0				
Mountain, p.....	3	3	0	4	0				
Rogers, 1st b.....	1	3	12	0	1				
Taylor, 3d b.....	1	3	5	1	0				
Ahern, c.....	0	2	6	4	3				
Fairgrieve, l f.....	0	0	1	0	0				
Ford, 2d b.....	1	2	2	5	0				
Fancher, r f.....	1	1	0	0	0				
Beattie, s s.....	1	1	1	0	0				
	12	16	27	14	4				
HAMILTON.									
	R	1 B	P O	A	E				
Bumpus, r.....	1	1	10	4	1				
Moshier, 2d b.....	0	0	3	1	1				
White, c.....	0	0	2	1	2				
Kirtland, 3d b.....	0	0	2	2	0				
Roger, l.....	2	1	0	0	1				
Otto, 1st b.....	0	0	8	0	2				
Case, s s.....	0	0	2	3	0				
Davis, c f.....	0	2	0	0	0				
Scollard, p.....	0	0	0	6	2				
	3	4	27	17	9				
Score by Innings.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
UNION.....	4	0	0	2	0	2	4	0	0—12
HAMILTON.....	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	0	0—3

Two base hits—Bumpus, Roger, Moore, Mountain. Passed balls—Bumpus 2, White 2, Ahern 1. Wild pitches—Scollard 1. Earned runs—Union 2. Umpire—F. VanDusen.

## UNION VS. CORNELL.

Everybody felt that the great game was to be with Cornell. If Union could vanquish Cornell the championship pennant might not, after all, be *obliged* to "wrestle with the zephyrs from the Cornell staff" (*Cornell Era*), but might possibly wave proudly by the gray walls of "Old Union." Hence the contest was awaited with almost breathless expectation. 500 or 600 people assembled

on the grounds, Friday, May 21. About 150 were ladies whose many-colored garments, together with the white and Garnet of Union, made a fine contrast with the rich green of the campus. But hush! The Carnelian tints the farther side of the field. Cornell, the invincible, whose name, some time ago, was a watchword in athletics—Cornell is here. They come not fatigued with a hard week's work, as our nine had been, but they come supported by the regular catcher of Syracuse University, Osterhout. Rather humiliating to Cornell? Not a bit of it. Cheek was all that was necessary and the article was well supplied. We must play Osterhout or forfeit the game. We conclude to play it under protest. Union goes to the bat and secures a run the first inning. Cornell ditto. The second inning gave a blank to both. The excitement is intense and many Union men tremble for the result. But do you see the fire in "Curly's" eye? He hurls through the up-curves like lightning. In vain does the Cornell go for that ball. He don't find it. Cornell is again blanked. Union at the bat again. Hunter squares himself. But the "sardonic grin" doesn't work. His magic is gone. The ball is pounded hither and thither, and at the end of the third inning 3 runs are added for Union. Cornell is blanked in every inning after the first, but one—the fifth, in which she succeeds in scoring 2 runs. Cornell and Union both field sharply. The base running of Union is the finest ever seen here. Hunter tries to regain his effectiveness, but to no purpose. A total of 17 base-hits for Union is the story of his phenomenal pitching. Ahern and Mountain play like heroes, and Cornell can get only 2 single hits during the game. Their only other good hits (2 of them) are nicely captured by Fancher at right. Moore, Mountain, Rogers and Ahern batted very heavily. Hunter and Kinney did the hitting for Cornell, and Hodgman made a fine line catch at third. Ford, Fancher and Rogers played a fine fielding game. Thus once more did victory crown the efforts of our nine. Here is the score:

UNION.					
	R	1B	PO	A	E
Moore, c f.....	2	3	0	0	1
Mountain, p.....	3	2	2	12	0
Rogers, 1st b.....	1	3	13	1	0
Taylor, 3d b.....	0	0	1	3	1
Ahern c.....	1	3	3	10	1
Fairgrieve, 1 f.....	1	1	0	0	1
Ford, 2d b.....	0	0	6	0	0
Fancher, r f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Beattie, s s.....	1	0	0	0	1
	9	12	27	26	5

CORNELL.									
	R	1B	PO	A	E				
Woodard, 2d b.....	1	0	2	1	0				
Kinney, c f.....	0	1	0	0	0				
Osterhout, c.....	0	0	9	5	2				
Sears, 1 f.....	0	0	1	0	0				
Chase, 1st b.....	0	0	12	0	2				
Hodgman, 3d b.....	1	0	2	1	0				
Hiscock, s s.....	0	0	0	4	1				
Suydam, r f.....	0	0	1	0	0				
Hunter, p.....	1	1	0	12	0				
	3	2	27	23	5				

Score by Innings.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
UNION.....	1	0	3	0	0	0	2	2	1—9
CORNELL.....	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—3

Wild pitches—Mountain 1, Hunter 1. Passed balls—Ahern 1, Osterhout 3. Struck out—Union 11, Cornell 9. Two-base hits—Moore 2, Mountain 2, Rogers 1. Umpire—D. Muhlfelder.

### UNION VS. ROCHESTER.

On Saturday, May 22, a game was begun with Rochester on the campus but was terminated by rain in the last of the second inning with Union at the bat. Score 1 to 0 in our favor. This game will be played off on neutral grounds provided Rochester wins all her other games or Union loses any. Otherwise they will throw up the sponge.

### UNION VS. SYRACUSE.

Syracuse was booked for Monday, May 24, but as her nine failed to meet the engagement, the game was declared forfeited 9 to 0 in our favor.

### NOTES.

—Union's chances for the pennant are good.

—May 21, at Utica, Hamilton 5; Rochester 1.

—May 19, at Hamilton, Madison 12; Cornell 11.

—May 20, at Hamilton, Madison 7; Rochester 6.

—May 19, at Syracuse, Rochester 11; Syracuse 7.

—May 15, at Rochester, Rochester 5; Hamilton 3.

—May 13, at Syracuse, Hamilton 5; Syracuse 3. Errors, Hamilton 5; Syracuse 9.

—We understand that on Monday, May 24th, Rochester forfeited a game to Cornell.

—Let us have a game with some eastern college. Dartmouth and Princeton are leading.

—May 12, Hamilton defeated Madison 19 to 11, at Hamilton. Errors, Hamilton 9; Madison 16.

—May 17, game forfeited by Cornell to Rochester 9 to 0. Forfeit acknowledged by Cornell *Era*.

—May 18, game between Cornell and Syracuse postponed indefinitely. Who makes out the schedule, anyhow?

—May 14, at Ithaca, Cornell 7; Hamilton 1. Errors, Cornell 4; Hamilton 17. Base hits, Cornell 6; Hamilton 2.

—Yale 21, Harvard 4. Base hits—Yale 21, Harvard 10. Can't Hunter's pitching beat either Harvard or Yale? The *Era* urges the nine to make the attempt.—*Cornell Era*.

And can't Mountain beat Hunter? Reckon it up.

—“The Hamilton nine,” in the judgment of the *Syracuse Herald*, “is one superior to that of Union.” Undoubtedly. In our two games with Hamilton we have scored 22 runs to Hamilton's 8; 30 base hits to Hamilton's 11; and 9 errors to Hamilton's 20.

—In seven inter-collegiate games Moore, Mountain, Rogers and Taylor lead at the bat, while Rogers, Mountain, Ahern and Ford have the highest per centage of chances accepted to chances offered in the field. A complete statement will be in the June number of the CONCORDIENSIS.

—State League schedule, to May 25th:

CLUB.	Union.	Cornell.	Hamilton.	Madison.	Rochester.	Syracuse.	WON.
Union.....	—	1	2	1	0	2	6
Cornell.....	1	—	1	0	1	0	3
Hamilton.....	0	1	—	1	1	1	4
Madison.....	0	1	0	—	1	0	2
Rochester.....	1	1	1	0	—	1	4
Syracuse.....	0	0	0	0	0	—	0
Lost.....	2	4	4	2	3	4	

—May 20, at Utica, Hamilton 9; Cornell 0. Forfeited game. Cornell tried to palm off Osterhout, catcher of Syracuse University, as a Cornell catcher. Strange (?) to say, Hamilton wouldn't submit. Too Calvinistic, you know. Rained at three o'clock—cleared off—Cornell refused to play—claimed the grounds were in bad condition—wouldn't work—Hamilton men on grounds and game declared forfeited. Perfectly right. Cornell ought to have played, because, you know, Cornell can't leave its mother every day, and grounds were as good for one as the other.

## EXCHANGES.

—The *Harvard Echo* has, from all appearances, discontinued. All colleges that had correspondents for the *Echo* will especially regret its demise, for it was fondly hoped that during the very exciting Inter-Collegiate contests this spring, this sprightly little sheet would be the first to bring the most interesting news before the public. We can easily understand what difficulties are connected with the publication of a college daily, and we therefore extend to the late editors our heartfelt sympathy, and hope that it will not be long before another will be begun on the same plan, but with greater vitality.

—The *Oberlin Review* has gone off on a tangent in search of a Spelling Reform. We wonder if these gentlemen have ever thought how great a boon they would confer upon Philology, to spell all words just as they are pronounced. Otherwise we appreciate the *Review*. It has many good points.

—The *Acta Columbiana* has just finished a very entertaining college story entitled *A Land Cruise*. In the first part of the story these rollicking college boys got drunk rather too often, it seems to us, and confined their conversation rather too much to zythum—but after this the story contains a great deal of genuine wit and fun. The Inter-collegiate Press Association is still an uncertainty of the future, and yet we know enough of the *Acta's* perseverance, to feel assured that she will not let the matter drop.

—The *Dartmouth* is one of those exchanges on our table which is always welcome. We are never disappointed in it. In the beginning of the present college year, it contained some very fine translations of the English hymns: "Come, Holy Spirit, etc.," and "Rock of Ages," into Latin verse, by Dr. Ordronaux. A short time since a new Alumni Association was formed at the Windsor Hotel in St. Paul, Minn. Dartmouth has very many alumni in that vicinity.

## PERSONAL.

'08. The Rev. Noah M. Wells, doubtless the oldest Presbyterian clergyman in this country if not the oldest of any denomination, died on May 4, 1880, at the residence of his son in Erie, Monroe county, Michigan, at the age of ninety-eight. He was born in

Saratoga Co. in 1781. He graduated with honor from Union College in 1808 and afterwards studied for the ministry. He probably entered Union in the same year in which Dr. Nott was called to her presidency. He saw the old college prosper and instead of sending forth 18 graduates, as was the case in his class, send 90 and 100 a year; he saw her during the Rebellion decrease in numbers, though not in scholarship. We envy his long and varied experience. After preaching in New York until 1825, he was called to Detroit, Mich., and there organized the first Presbyterian church. He has been an active, vigorous man, and his life has been one of great usefulness.

'42. Clarkson N. Potter on Wednesday delivered the oration before the convention of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, held at Michigan University, May 19th, 1880.

'43. Rodman H. Robinson preached in the State St. M. E. church on Sunday, May 9th.

'45. William McKindley died in Chicago March 29th, 1880. He was a lawyer by profession, but in later years he was engaged in business.

'47. J. P. Causly is at Golden, Colorado. He wrote a long letter to Prof. Perkins with a full description of a furnace, which description has been read and copied by the engineers.

'50. C. J. Smith was drowned at Stockton, Cal., April 21st, 1880. At the time of his death he was visiting his sheep ranche, and while in his cabin near the mountains, a great torrent, which was undoubtedly caused by a cloud burst in mountains, rushed down the gulch and carried the cabin and all it contained with it. After leaving college in 1850, he spent five years in Illinois as a civil engineer. In 1855 he went to Chili, S. A., constructing branches to the mining district from the Copiapo Railroad and remained there until the autumn of 1858. In the following February he went to California where he married and ever since lived.

'62. B. F. Wright, who stood second in his class, is Superintendent of Schools in St. Paul. O. P. Steves who stood first in the same class was for a long time Superintendent of Schools in Cohoes.

'68. J. B. McIntyre is surveying a new line of railroad from N. Y. city to Coney Island.

'73. W. P. Rudd has been elected presi-

dent of the Y. M. C. A., of Albany—a promotion; last year he carried the bag.

'75. V. V. Raymond preached in the First Reformed church of this city on Sunday, May 9th.

'76. H. C. Jagger, of the boat crew of '76, is married and resides at Pendleton, Umatilla Co., Oregon. In a recent letter to a friend he says; "I have not lost my interest in Old Union although thousand of miles away, so I have a favor to ask and it would be an appreciated kindness if you would attend to it. Of course it is impossible for me to keep track of the doings of Union; hence I want to subscribe for some one of Union's periodicals. \* \* \* \* \* I have floated around considerably in this wild country. At present I am a citizen of Pendleton, hand in glove with Chinamen and Indians.—P. is only three miles from a large Reservation—so I have a chance to cultivate "Poor Lo," the dirty beast. Two years ago I had the pleasure of being hunted by these very same red citizens—so of course I love them. If periodicals are among the things of the past then give my dollar to the B. B. club of Union and let it pay the fare of some one from Union to the land of the Hamiltonians to witness their defeat at the hands of Union."

'77. F. A. DePuy and wife were in town a short time ago.

'78. J. O'Hara has been appointed Deputy City Engineer of the city of Albany. Since leaving college he has been in the State Engineer's office, where he was considered to be one of the most faithful and efficient officers.

#### EXTRANEAE.

—Inscription for Ingersoll's tombstone—"Robert Burns."—*Ex.*

—A Freshman asks: "Is it the office of the faculty to serve as suspenders for college breaches?"—*Advocate.*

—It is now claimed that the first time the exclamation "Eureka!" was used was when Socrates sat on a tack for which he had been looking.

—A fair child of co-education, upon asking a Sophomore for the use of his "pony," was refused on the ground that "the creature could not bear a side-saddle."

—Adolphus had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up. "Because," said she, "I am bound in calf." The "Binding" was hastily torn off.—*Ex.*

—Eyelids were made to droop;  
Cheeks were made to blush;  
Hair was made to curl and friz,  
And lips were made—oh hush!—*Tripod.*

—"I know what your beau's pretty horse's name is," said a little fellow to his sister, Saturday morning. "It's 'Damyne.'" "Hush, Eddie, that's a naughty word." "Well, I don't care; that's his name, 'cos last night I heard him say, outside the fence, 'Whoa, Damye!'"

—Intercollegiate contests of all kinds have for some years kept colleges in a continuous ferment. The *Orient*, taking up the inspiration of the hour, proposed a few months since to have an intercollegiate taffy-pull. Having drawn up a set of rules by which all the colleges of the association were to abide, it goes on to say: "The above plan came to us as a happy inspiration, and so forcibly did it strike us that we had discovered the long-sought-for ideal for an Intercollegiate Association, that we at once rushed to the office and telegraphed the project to all the colleges in the country. Below are a few of the criticisms of the college press:"

"That dear, darling, wee little *Orient* has proposed the loveliest plan in all the world. We have always so longed to go to a real, live Intercollegiate Association. Yes, dear *Orient*, we approve. We wonder if a Harvard man will sit near us. Oh, dear! what shall we wear! Oh, if crimson was only becoming to us."—*Vassar Mis.*

"The vindictive, rancorous, and implacable hatred which the college press has for the Yale papers, has been again illustrated. The insignificant little *Orient* has presumed to propose an Intercollegiate Association without consulting us. But we desire to inform the public that, notwithstanding this new, and fiendish attack, the aged elms about our old and venerated halls still wave their branches to the sighing breezes, the moist rain still fructifies our campus, and the Yale editors, leaders and inspiration of all that is ennobling, inspiring, refining, and elevating in college journalism, still live and drink beer."—*Yale Record.*

"Your proposition 'takes the cake.' It is our cheese. We are with you hand in glove."—*Harvard Echo.*

"We do not often fall in with any thing emanating from the slimy, white livered, secular press, but the *Orient* has suggested an association that meets our refined approval. We extremely regret, however, that we cannot be present, as we are obliged for the next six months to celebrate high mass for the Holy Pat O'Finnegan, who departed this life 965 A. D., from a severe attack of *non compos mentis*."—*Niagara Index.*

"We approve of the Intercollegiate Taffy Pull, but shall insist, as is our right from our near proximity to Boston, upon the following prerogative privileges, viz.; That the editor of the *Harvard Register* shall not be eligible to membership in the I. C. T. P. A., that the gentlemen shall all wear eye-glasses and opera hats, and that no young lady shall be so vulgar as to say *how*."—*Harvard Crimson.*

"The proposition for an Intercollegiate Taffy Pull is a good one. We wish distinctly to be understood, however, that we shall not feel it obligatory upon us intimately to associate with any delegates of co-educational colleges. We suggest that the Yale men be requested to start three weeks before the time for which the meeting is called, in order that they may not disturb the festivities by coming in late."—*Acta Columbian.*



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Coffee, -	25 "	fried, scrambled, (each)	3 "
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